

Missionary

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

I strive, but fail; O, why, dear Lord,
Must this my constant record be?
Why finds each daily westering sun
My work for Thee but half begun,
Or done, alas, so selfishly?

I'm tempted oft, and often yield,
For Pleasure hath a siren voice;
She sings my scruples quite away,
And with her charming roundelay
Deprives me of the power of choice.

My faith is strong when skies are bright,
But sunny days are all too brief;
When clouds arise and sorrows come
My lips are sealed, my heart is dumb
And full of weary unbelief.

But this, dear Lord, my comfort is:
My troubled heart is known to Thee;
Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord;
And, Saviour mine, I have Thy word
That this shall my salvation be.

Dr. J. R. Miller.

DEATH OF A NOTED HERO.

Recently a very noted man died. He was Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., a Presbyterian Home Missionary, who began Christian work in Indian Territory fifty years ago. He organized the first Presbyterian missions or churches in the territories of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, and Alaska, and founded the Alaska mission.

When Dr. Jackson first went to Alaska, which is a territory nearly one-sixth as large as the United States, he found there neither law nor government. Every man did just as he pleased, and it was not possible to control wicked men. He saw that the mission churches he established could not last long unless this was changed, and he urged Congress to look after this great region. In 1884 Congress passed a bill giving a government and common school system to Alaska. The next year the United States appointed Dr. Jackson as General Agent of Education in Alaska.

Dr. Jackson knew there was far more work to be done in the great and rich territory than one church alone could look after, so he sent to other denominations and told them the needs of the native Indians and of the white people who were settling in Alaska. As a result, mission schools were established by Moravian, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Swedish Evangelical and Friend's churches.

In 1890, finding that the Eskimo of Arctic Alaska were being gradually reduced to starvation, he devised and set in operation a scheme for introducing the tame reindeer of Siberia into that country. The following year he established the first herd of tame reindeer on the shores of America. In 1894 the herd numbered 700. In the spring of that year, in order to secure the very best instructors to teach the Eskimo the care and management of the tame reindeer, Dr. Jackson sent an agent to Lapland and brought over six families of Lapps. This was the first colony of that people

ever brought to the United States. Now this in an important and flourishing industry of Alaska, and has become a source of livelihood to many.

The "Life of Sheldon Jackson" is the name of a book that was published only last Fall. It is most interesting and would be better worth reading than almost any new book that could be named to you. It is in reality a book filled with stories, and best of all, true stories.

In the last issue of "Over Sea and Land," the editor, Mrs. Dimock, compares Dr. Jackson's perils with those of the Apostle Paul, the great missionary who spent his days and finally laid down his life, carrying the news of Jesus, far and wide. Paul himself tells of the dangers he had to pass through. He says "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck; in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils of the wilderness." Mrs. Dimock says:

"This month we will have a little talk about Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a man who has been called 'The Apostle Paul' of our Presbyterian church in the West, for he has traveled far over prairie and river and mountain, preaching the 'Good News' of Jesus, and forming churches. Let me tell you first about the 'Hilltop' and then about his adventures.

"It was in 1869, one afternoon in April, that Dr. Jackson took two other ministers to a hilltop near Sioux City, Iowa, from which they could see parts of Iowa, Nebraska, S. Dakota and Minnesota. Beyond these lay many other States, and in all that vast country, were not a dozen Presbyterian churches. The people of the East were flocking West to make their homes, but there were no ministers to care for them, no churches to attend. The three men were deeply stirred with longings to change this, and kneeling there on the hilltop they prayed with all their hearts that God would give them strength and self-denial that they might go out without shrinking and possess the land for Jesus.

"In journeyings often."—At this time Dr. Jackson was appointed 'Superintendent of missions for Western Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Utah. Just look at your map and see what that meant. It meant long, long stage rides, hundreds of miles at a time, over dangerous roads, among hostile Indians and lawless white men.

"In perils of rivers."—At one time returning in a sleigh he found the lowlands flooded over but covered with stretches of brittle ice. The water was breast deep and the horse could not secure a footing upon it. The only thing for Dr. Jackson to do was to get into the water, break through the ice, and lead the horse and sleigh. When he reached the nearest log cabin, several miles beyond, his overcoat was frozen on him so securely it had to be thawed off!

"In perils of Gentiles"—the Indians.—At one time his stage route lay through the lands of the Bannock Indians, very warlike. To guard the road, the company had built stockade forts at intervals of ten or twelve miles, and when the Indians were on the war-path, the passengers were provided with firearms. Between these forts the teams were driven at full speed. As they approached the stockade the double gates were swung open, and soon were closed behind them.